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ECLECTIC SCHOOL READINGS

STORIES  
FOR  
CHILDREN



NEW YORK • CINCINNATI • CHICAGO  
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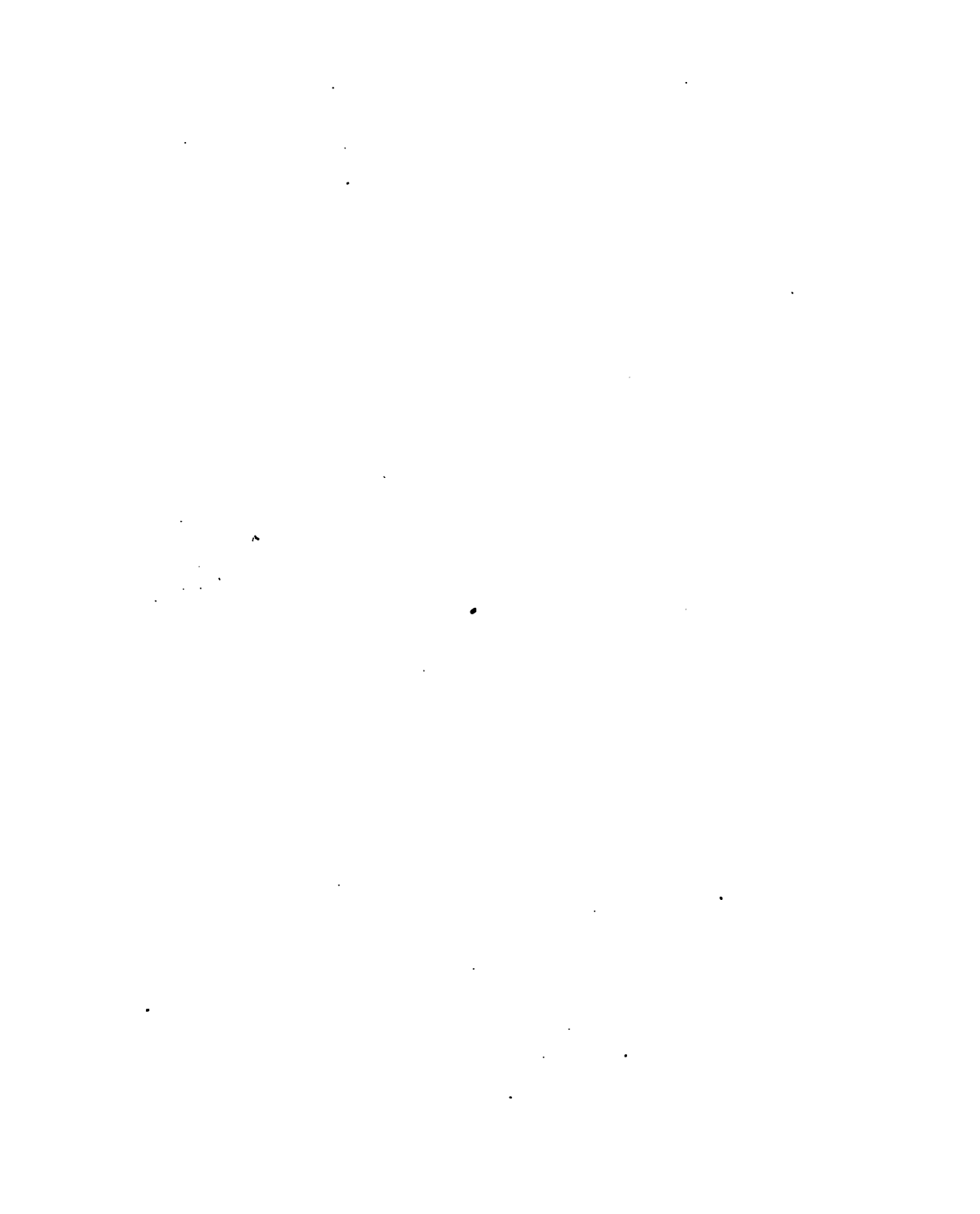
Reading books (American)

Robert Livingston Duane,  
from his friend,  
Lizzie Richardson.

RNP



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ECLECTIC SCHOOL READINGS

# STORIES FOR CHILDREN

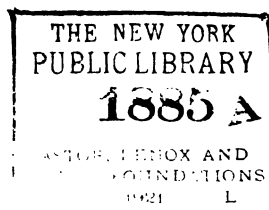
1  
FIRST READER GRADE

BY

MRS. CHARLES A. <sup>CC</sup>LANE, *Author & Illus.*  
1



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AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY



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STOR. FOR CHIL.

W. P. 9



## TO THE TEACHER.



THE object of this little book is to furnish a series of easy supplementary reading lessons for the youngest children at school. As soon as the pupils are able readily to recognize five or six of the most commonly used words, these stories may be given to them to read. The words may be taught from the blackboard, from reading charts, or by any other method which the teacher finds to be best and most practicable. They should be chosen with reference both to their ready comprehension by the children and to the order of their occurrence in the reading lessons. As the children progress in the ability to read, variety and interest will demand that the vocabulary should increase with greater rapidity; and soon, instead of presenting only three or four new words at a time, the teacher need feel no fear but that twice as many, and even more, will be readily learned.

The stories contained in this book have been written or selected with the intent to enlist the interest and sympathy of the child. The endeavor has been made to

relieve them of the appearance of formal reading lessons, and to invest them with an attractiveness foreign to the "drill work" which so frequently discourages the child in his first efforts to master the printed page. These stories may be used as exercises in reading at sight; they may be read by the children at their seats and afterwards reproduced and talked about in the class; they may either supplement or take the place of lessons from other reading books; and they may be utilized in various other ways to aid the young learner in the acquirement of the difficult art of reading. But, in whatever manner they may be presented, it should always be borne in mind that their chief purpose is to add to the child's intellectual enjoyment, and, while introducing him early to some of the subjects of our best literature, incite him to a love of reading for the sake of the pleasure which is to be derived from it.

● In the first twenty-five stories every new word, when it first occurs, is printed in **bold-faced type**. The pupil's attention is thus directed particularly to the new comer, and he will be better able to recognize it when it appears again. From the twenty-sixth story to the end of the book only such words as are likely to be especially difficult to young readers are thus printed in bold-faced letters.

# STORIES FOR CHILDREN.



THE TOP.

**See the top.**

I see the top.

See the top **spin**.

I see the top spin.

Spin the top.

I spin the top.

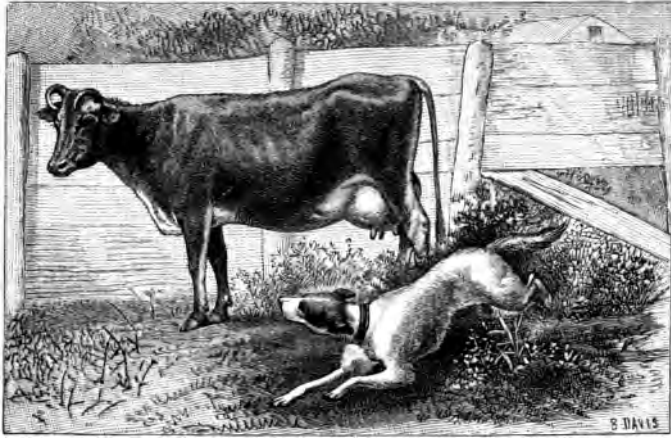
The top **can** spin.

I can spin the top.

I can see the top  
spin.

Spin, top, spin!

The top spins.



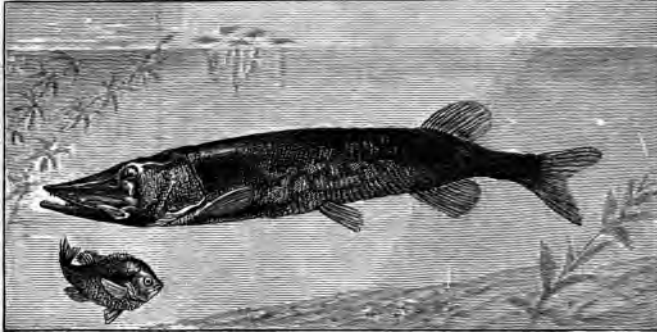
### THE COW.

I see the <b>cow</b> .	You can see the cow.
Can <b>you</b> see the cow?	Can the cow <b>eat</b> ?
Can the cow see you?	The cow can eat.
The cow can see you.	I can eat.
I can see you.	I can see the cow eat.

### THE DOG.

A <b>dog</b> and a cow!	I can see the <b>big</b> dog.
See the dog <b>run</b> .	Can you see <b>it</b> run?
I see the dog run.	I can see the big dog
Can you see the dog?	run.

The cow can see the dog run.  
 The dog can see the cow.  
 It is a big dog.



### THE FISH.

I can see the **fish** swim.  
 It is a **lit-tle** fish.  
 Can you see the little fish swim?  
 I can see the big fish.  
 The little fish can swim.  
 The big fish can swim.  
 Can you swim, little **boy**?  
 I can **not** swim, little fish.  
 Big boys can swim.  
 Can the big fish see you?



### THE MAN AND HIS DOG.

**H**ere is a **m**an and **h**is dog.

It is a big dog.

The dog sees the little **b**ird.

**H**e is a **g**ood dog; he **w**ill not eat the bird

Can the man see the bird?

The man can see the bird.

**F**ly, little bird, fly. I **l**ike to see you fly.

The man likes his dog.

I like a big dog.



### THE BIRD AND ITS NEST.

I see a little bird **on her nest**.

Can you see her?

The **cat** can see her, **too**.

**Do** not eat the little bird.

Can you see the little bird's **eggs**?

**No**, the eggs **are in** the nest.

Do not fly, little bird.

The cat will not eat you.

Little boy, can you see the bird?

The bird can not see you.

Do you like little birds?

I like to see birds fly.



### THE HEN'S NEST.

**Let us look for eggs.**

Here is the **hen**. Hen, will you let us look for eggs?

The hen can see us.

Do let us see the nest **and** the eggs.

I can see the nest; I can not see the eggs.

See the hen look **at** us.

I like to eat the hen's eggs.

Cats like to eat birds and fish.



## THE EGGS.

Here are **Ned** and **May**, too.  
 Ned likes to look for hen's eggs.  
**Now** May sees the eggs in the nest.  
 The nest is in a big **box**.  
 The hen likes a box for a nest.  
 Can the hen fly? **She** can fly a little.  
 See her look at May.  
 See the cow look at Ned.  
 The cow likes to eat **grass**.  
 I like to see the cow eat grass.



## THE MOUSE AND THE BIRD.

I can see a little **mouse** in a **cage**.

I like to see the little mouse.

It is May's mouse.

May likes to **feed** her little mouse.

The cat likes to eat **mice**, **but** May **says** :

"No, no, little cat! You **must** not eat **my** mouse."

**Nell** **has** a bird in a cage.

She says: "Little cat! Do not eat my bird."

Nell likes to feed her bird.

May, can you see my bird?

May says: "I **am** looking at the mouse."



### THE BIRD IN THE CAGE.

See the bird. It likes its cage.

**Some** little birds do not like a cage.

**They** like to fly, and to **have their** nests in a **tree**.

Some birds have their nests in the grass.

Some birds have their nests in the **barn**.

Some little mice have their nests in the grass, and some like to have theirs in the barn.

I do not like to see a little bird in a cage.

I like to see a bird fly.

A mouse can not fly, but it can run.

A fish can not run, but it can swim.

A boy can run and swim, but he can not fly.



### THE BABY.

Here is the **ba-by** in its little **white** bed.

It is a good baby.

It likes its little white bed.

The bed is the baby's nest.

**Grace** likes to see the baby.

She says: "Do not **cry**, baby.

"Do not eat your little white **hands**."

Can you see the baby's hands?

"Now I must **go** and feed my bird," says  
Grace.



### MAY AND HER PETS.

May is a good little **girl**.

She feeds her bird and her mouse, and  
**then** she **puts** the bird's cage in the **sun**.

Then she puts the baby to **sleep**.

**When** the baby is **a-sleep**, she puts it on  
 the bed.

The baby is asleep now.

When May feeds the mouse, the little  
 mouse likes to eat.

The mouse likes May.



### THE OLD SHEEP.

Do look at the **old sheep**.

He likes to eat grass.

May likes to feed **him**, too.

He eats grass **all day**.

May's cat is asleep; she likes to sleep  
all day.

The sheep are not white, but the little  
**lambs** are white.

"**Ma-ry** had a little lamb,  
Its **fleece** was white as **snow**;  
And **ev-er-y-where** that Mary went,  
The lamb **was sure** to go."



WHAT DO THEY GIVE US?

Can you look at the sun?

No, it is too **bright**.

When can you see the **moon**?

When it is **night**.

“**What** do you **give** us, Sun?”

“I give you **heat** and **light**.”

What do cows give us?

Cows give us **milk**.

What do sheep give us?

Sheep give us **wool**.



### THE NEST IN THE GRASS.

Grace **took** a **rake** in her little hands.

She **made** a nest in the grass.

She put her baby **sis-ter** in the nest.

"You are a bird, now," she said.

Baby **did** not like to **play** in the nest.

The light was too bright.

"Grace," **said** her **mam-ma**, "do not put the baby in the sun-light.

"It is too bright for her. Put her **un-der** the tree."



Then Grace put her big dog in the nest.  
He liked the heat and light. He took a **nap**.  
When he was asleep, Grace took her rake.  
She liked to rake the grass.

“Grace,” her mamma **asked**, “is the baby asleep?”

“**Yes**, Mamma,” said Grace; “and my big dog, too.”

“Then you may **get** the baby’s milk,” said her mamma. “Baby will not sleep **long**; it is too **near** night.”



### THE BABY BIRD.

Can you see what Ned has in his hands?

It is a baby bird; it can not fly.

Ned **found** it in the grass.

It is a **dear** little bird; I am **glad** the cat did not get it.

Mary found Ned looking at it when she went for the milk.

"Ned," said Mary, "what have you in **your** hands?"

"It is a **poor** little bird," said Ned; "it can not fly."

"Is it **hurt**?" asked Mary.

"No," said Ned, "it is not hurt. It is a baby bird."

"Let **me** have it," said Mary. "Do let me have it, and I will put it in my cage."



### GOING TO TOWN.

**“Where** are you going, my little cat?”

**“I** am going to **town** to get me a **hat.**”

**“What! A hat for a cat!**

**A cat get a hat!**

**Who ever yet saw a cat with a hat?”**

**“Where** are you going, my little **kit-tens?**”

**“We** are going to town to get us some  
**mit-tens.”**

“What! Mittens for kittens!

Do kittens **wear** mittens?

Who ever yet saw little kittens with mittens?”

“Where are you going, my little **pig**?”

“I am going to town to get me a **wig**.”

“What! A wig for a pig!

A pig in a wig!

Who ever yet saw a pig in a wig?”



### THE BUTTERFLY.

“May, do let me look in that box.”

“Yes, Ned, you may look if you like.”

“What is in it? I can not see.”

"What can you see, Ned?"

"It is white; that is all that I can see."

"It is a little white **but-ter-fly**, Ned."

"Where did you **find** it, May?"

"I found it in the big **bas-ket**; it was hurt,  
and I put it in my box."

"What are you going to do with it, now?"

"I am going to let it fly."

### THE LOST KITTY.

"Where is my little basket **gone**?"

Said **Char-lie** boy one day.

"I **think** some little boy or girl

Has **tak-en** it **a-way**.

"And **kit-ty**, too; I **can't** find her.

**Oh**, dear! what **shall** I do?

I **wish** I **could** my basket find

And little kitty, too.

"I'll go to **moth-er's** room and look,

I think I'll find her **there**;

For kitty likes to take a nap

In mother's **ea-sy** chair.



“Oh, mother, mother, **come** and see!  
 My kitty’s gone to sleep.  
 She is in my little basket **here**,  
 All **cud-dled** in a **heap**.”

#### A SONG FOR BABY.

**Rock-a-by**, baby,  
 On the tree-top;  
 When the **wind** blows  
 The **cra-dle** will rock;  
 When the **bough** breaks,  
 The cradle will **fall**;  
**Down** will come baby,  
 Cradle and all.



### BIRDS IN WINTER.

See **this brave** little snowbird.

She likes the **cold**.

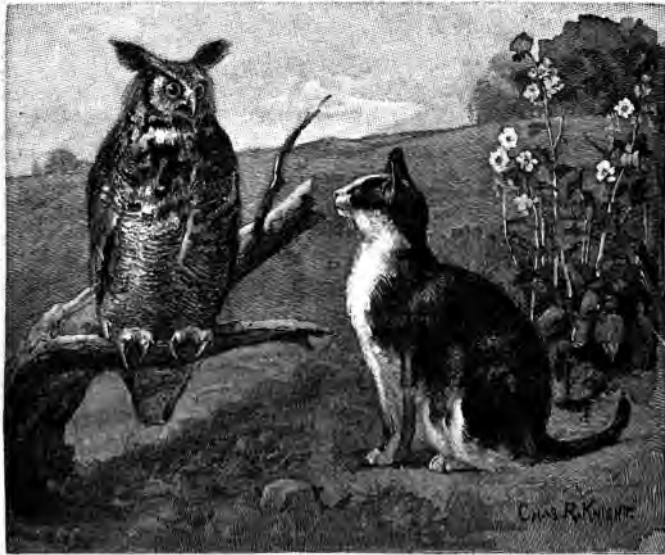
She is glad to **stay** here in the **win-ter**, but  
in **sum-mer** she will fly away to a cold **place**.

Here is a **yel-low**-bird, too.

The yellowbirds stay with us **in** the win-  
ter, too; but their winter **dress** is **dark**.

When summer comes, they put on the **gay**  
yellow coats **a-gain**.

The rob-ins do not like the cold.  
Do you see the robin?



### MR. OWL AND MRS. CAT.

*The Cat.*—“Good morn-ing, Mr. Owl.  
What big, round eyes you have!”

*The Owl.*—“Good morning, Mrs. Cat.  
What big, round eyes you have!”

*The Cat.*—“I can see well in the dark,  
Mr. Owl.”

*The Owl.* — “So can I, Mrs. Cat.”

*The Cat.* — “I can catch mice, Mr. Owl.”

*The Owl.* — “I can catch mice, too, Mrs. Cat.”

*The Cat.* — “I can catch little birds.”

*The Owl.* — “So can I.”

*The Cat.* — “I like to sleep by day.”

*The Owl.* — “And so do I, Mrs. Cat.”

*The Cat.* — “I think you must be a cat.”

*The Owl.* — “Mrs. Cat, you must be a bird.”

*The Cat.* — “But you have **only two legs.**”

*The Owl.* — “And you can not fly.”

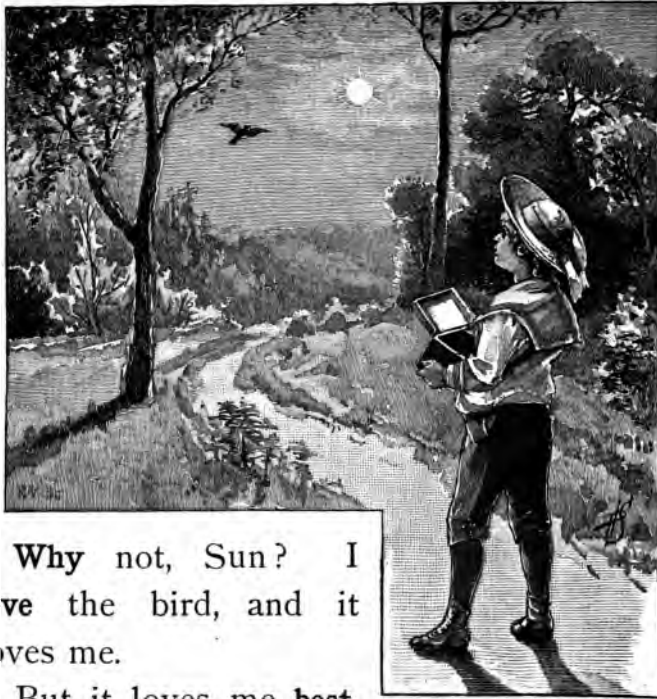
## GOOD MORNING, SUN!

Good morning, Sun! I am glad to see you.

Good morning, little boy! Is that a **ball** in your box?

No, it is a little bird. It looks like a ball.

**Please don't keep** the bird in the box, little boy.



Why not, Sun? I  
love the bird, and it  
loves me.

But it loves me best,  
little boy. Let it fly, and it will try to fly  
to me.

Up, up, in-to the sky. Thank you, little  
boy.

Don't cry, little boy. The bird did not  
like the dark box for a house.

It is glad to see me, and it will sing for  
you.



SING, LITTLE BIRD!

Sing, little bird, sing!  
 All day long,  
 A **hap-py** song.  
 Sing, little bird, sing!

Fly, little bird, fly!  
 Do not **fear**;  
 I love you, dear.  
 Fly, little bird, fly!

Sleep, little bird, sleep!  
 All is **still**;  
**Safe** from **ill**,  
 Sleep, little bird, sleep!



### GOOD NIGHT, MOON.

Good night, Moon! I am going to bed.

Good night, little girl! I **hope** you will sleep well.

Are you **ver-y** far away, **La-dy** Moon?

Not so far away as the sun, but too far for you to come to me. I **sail a-bout** in the sky all night.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you **rov-ing**?

Over the **sea**.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, **whom** are you **lov-ing**?

All that love me.



## THE GOOSE THAT LAID GOLDEN EGGS.

Once there was a man who had a goose that laid for him every day a fine gold-en egg.

But he could not rest **un-til** he had 'killed the goose and cut her open to find the gold.

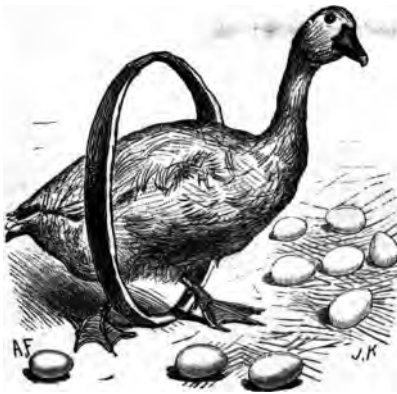
Then he saw that there was no gold, and that she was like all other **geese**.

So he lost the good he had, because he was so **greedy**.

### MORE ABOUT GEESE.

What kind of feet has a goose?

Geese can swim well and they can fly.



Their wings are very strong.

Wild geese can fly all day long.

Geese are swimming birds.

Birds that wade are called wading birds.

Far away there is a great city called **Rome**.

Many **hun-dred years** ago some wild, rude men wished to have this city for their own.

One night they tried to **climb** a steep rock and creep into the city while the **peo-ple** were asleep.

But some geese which were on the hill made such a **noise** with their cries and the **flap-ping** of their wings that the people awoke, and the city was saved.

## STORKS AND CRANES.

**Storks** are wading birds.

Yet they seem to like best to live in towns and cities.

They **build** their nests in trees and the tops of **chim-neys**.

The little boys and girls in **Ger-ma-ny** love the storks, and the storks are not at all **a-fraid** of them.

The stork's nest is made of sticks.

**Cranes** are wading birds, too. They have



A CRANE.

long necks and long legs. They have long toes, so that they will not sink in the mud.

### A STORY OF A STORK.



There lived in a nest on the **roof** of a house, a mother stork and four little ones.

One day the roof took fire, and the little storks came near being burned to **death**.

But the mother stork tried to fan them with her wings, and when the burning sparks were about to fall upon them, she **spread** her wings and kept the little ones safe until the fire was put out.

## THE FARMER AND THE STORK.

A **farm-er** set a net to catch some cranes that were eating his grain. With the cranes he **caught** a stork, also.

"I am not a crane," said the stork. "I am a very good bird. Look at my skin; it is not the same **col-or** as the crane's."

"That may be very **true**," said the farmer. "But since you were caught with the cranes, with the cranes you must die."

## THE FLY.

1 Baby-by,  
Here's a fly;  
Let us watch him, you and I.  
How he **crawls**  
Up the walls,  
Yet he never falls!

2 I **be-lieve** with six such legs  
You and I could walk on eggs.

There he goes,  
On his toes,  
**Tickling** baby's nose.

3 Flies can see  
More than we,  
So how bright their eyes must be!  
Little fly,  
Ope your eye;  
**Spi-ders** are near by.

4 For a **se-cret** I can tell,—  
Spiders never use flies well.  
Then away!  
Do not stay.  
Little fly, good day!

#### THE FLY ON THE CART WHEEL.

Once there was a fly on a **cart wheel**. The wheel turned round and round, and the dust from the road rose in clouds.

“Oh!” cried the fly, “what a dust we **raise!**” But the wheel did not **know** that the fly was there.

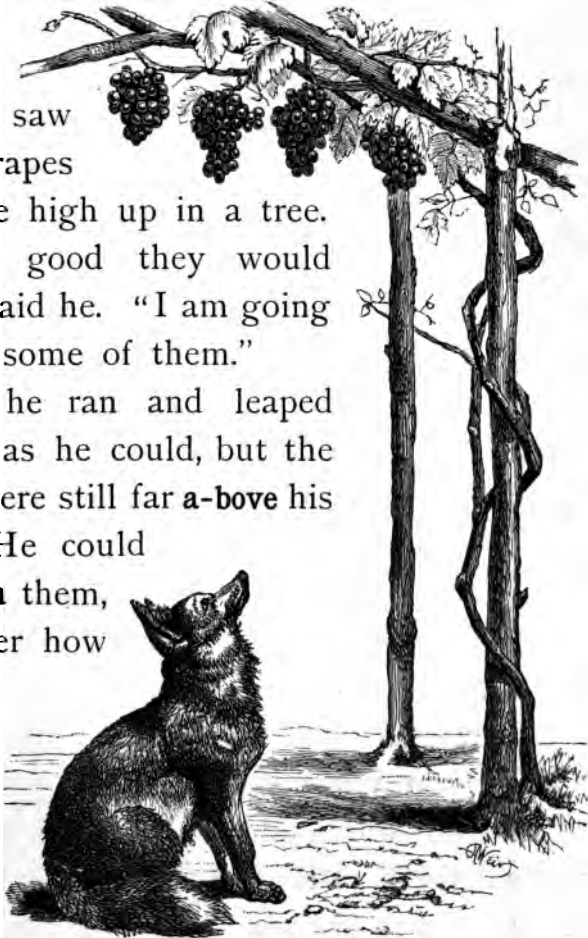
## THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A fox  
who was  
**hun-gry** saw  
some grapes  
on a vine high up in a tree.

“How good they would  
taste!” said he. “I am going  
to have some of them.”

Then he ran and leaped  
as high as he could, but the  
grapes were still far **a-bove** his  
head. He could  
not **reach** them,  
no matter how  
hard he  
tried to  
do so.

At last  
the fox  
went a-  
way in a rage. “They are sour grapes and  
not fit to eat!” he said.



## SPIDERS.

Spiders spin webs of silk.

The silk is too fine for us to use.

It is strong **e-nough** to hold flies and other **in-sects** for the spider to eat.

A spider has a great many eyes.

How many legs has a spider?

Spiders lay eggs. One kind of spider **car-ries** her babies on her back until they are old enough to go **alone**.

Then she shakes them off and they **scam-per** away.

## ANTS.

Ants are very **wise** little insects.

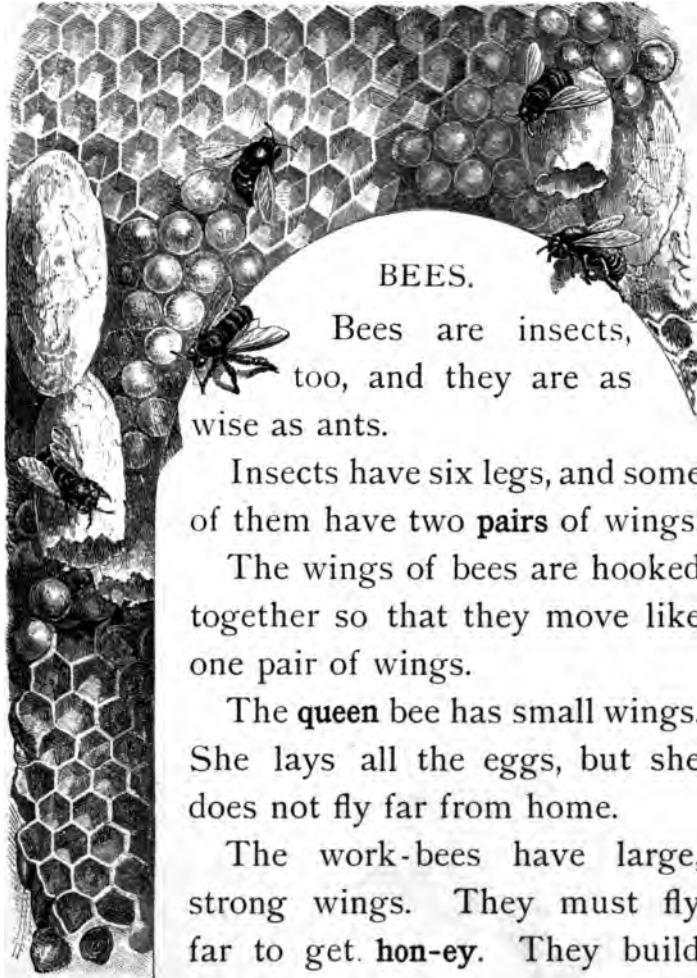
They work all day.

They build their houses with great care.

They are very neat and clean.

If you watch them you can see them brush their little feet **to-geth-er** to shake off the dust.

Ants feed upon insects and are very fond of sweet things.



### BEES.

Bees are insects, too, and they are as wise as ants.

Insects have six legs, and some of them have two **pairs** of wings.

The wings of bees are hooked together so that they move like one pair of wings.

The **queen** bee has small wings. She lays all the eggs, but she does not fly far from home.

The work-bees have large, strong wings. They must fly far to get **hon-ey**. They build the wax house and feed the baby bees. Bees are very neat and keep their hives sweet and clean.

## THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat that caught the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog that worried the cat that caught

the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with a **crum-pled** horn that **tossed** the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the **maid-en** all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all **tat-tered** and torn that kissed the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the **priest** all **shav-en** and **shorn** that **mar-ried** the man all tattered and torn that kissed the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crew in the morn

and waked the priest all shaven and shorn  
 that married the man all tattered and  
 torn that kissed the maiden all forlorn that  
 milked the cow with the crumpled horn  
 that tossed the dog that worried the cat  
 that caught the rat that ate the malt that  
 lay in the house that Jack built.

### THE NEW MOON.

Dear mother, how **pret-ty**  
 The moon looks to-night!  
 She was never so **cun-ning** before;  
 Her two little horns  
 Are so sharp and so bright,  
 I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there  
 With you and my **friends**,  
 I'd rock in it **nice-ly**, you'd see.  
 I'd sit in the middle  
 And hold by both ends;  
 Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be.

I would call to the stars  
To keep out of the way,  
Lest we should rock over their toes ;  
And there I would stay  
Till the **dawn** of the day,  
And see where the pretty moon goes.



And there we would stay  
In the **beau-ti-ful** skies,  
And **through** the bright clouds we would  
    **roam** ;  
We would see the sun set,  
And see the sun rise,  
And on the next rainbow come home.



### THE DOVE AND THE ANT.

A little ant was trying to **drink** some **wa-ter** from the brook and fell in. He would have been **drowned**, if a **dove** had not broken off a twig and dropped it into the water.

“Thank you,” said the ant, as he shook his wet feet; “I shall not forget this.”

Not long after that, a man set a trap for the dove, and caught her in it; but just as he was going to take her in his hands the ant bit his foot. This made the man jump and the dove **flew** away.

### THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

One warm day in summer an ant was **bus-y gath-er-ing** food and laying it up for winter.

A **grass-hop-per** who saw him, said: "Oh, you poor slave, why do you work so hard? Look, how I jump about and **en-joy** myself!"

But when the winter came the grasshopper was glad to go to the ant to get some food.

### THE STORY OF CHICKEN-LITTLE.

**Chick-en-lit-tle** went one day to the wood. An **a-corn** fell on her poor **bald** head. Then she ran as fast as she could to tell the king that the sky had fallen.

On the road she met **Hen-ny-pen-ny**.

"Why, Chicken-little!" said Henny-penny, "where are you going?"

"Oh!" said Chicken-little. "The sky has fallen and I am going to tell the king."

"I will go with you, if I may," said Henny-penny, and away they went.

On the road they met **Cock-y-lock-y**.

"Where are you going?" said Cocky-locky.

"Oh!" said Henny-penny. "The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you, if I may," said Cocky-locky, and away they went.

On the road they met **Duck-y-dad-dles**.

"Where are you going?" said Ducky-daddles.

"Oh!" said Cocky-locky. "The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you, if I may," said Ducky-daddles. So away they went.

On the road they met **Goos-y-poos-y**.

"Where are you going?" said Goosy-poosy.

"Oh!" said Ducky-daddles. "The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you, if I may," said Goosy-poosy, and away they went.

On the road they met **Tur-key-lur-key**.

"Where are you going?" said Turkey-lurkey.

"Oh!" said Goosy-poosy. "The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you, if I may," said Turkey-lurkey, and away they went.

On the road they met **Fox-lox**.

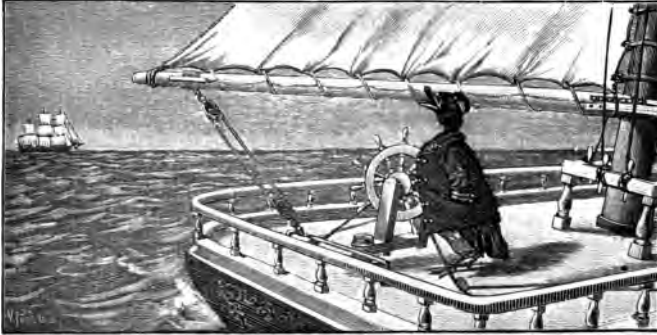
"Where are you going?" said Fox-lox. And they said: "The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

Then Fox-lox said: "Come with me, and I will show you the way."



So they went with him; but he led them into the Fox's den, and he and his young ones soon ate poor Chicken-little, and Henny-penny, and Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles, and Goosy-poosy, and Turkey-lurkey, and they never saw the king to tell him that the sky had fallen.

## A SHIP.



A ship, a ship, a-sailing,  
A-sailing on the sea;  
And oh! it was all laden  
With pretty things for me.  
There were apples in the cabin,  
And toys were in the hold;  
The sails were made of satin,  
And the masts, they were of gold.  
The captain was a duck, a duck,  
With a jacket on his back;  
And when this fairy ship set sail,  
The captain said "Quack! Quack!"

## THE FROGS.

Once upon a time some frogs in a pond asked **Jove** for a king.

Jove tossed a log into the middle of the



pond. The frogs dived at once into a deep hole; for the **splash** was so great that they were all afraid. But when they saw that the log lay **quite** still, they jumped up and sat upon it.

“This is not a king,” said they; and off they went to Jove and asked him to send a real king.

This time, Jove gave them an eel; but the

eel was so **stupid** that the frogs liked him no better than they had liked King Log. They sent again to Jove and asked for a king.

Then Jove was **angry** and sent them a stork for a king. King Stork caught the frogs one by one, and ate them; and soon there was not a frog **left** in the pond.

### THE FROGS AND THE STORK.

There was once a pond full of young frogs. These frogs made a great noise, for each tried to cry more **loudly** than the others. At last an old frog said:—

“Be still! duck your heads; the stork is coming.”

Then all were still, and the frogs ducked their green heads under the water. They had never seen the stork, but the old frog had told them just how he looked—how he had long legs, a long neck, and a long **beak**, and how he could make a **clapping** noise with his beak before he used it to

drag out of the water all the frogs that he could find. But the stork who came that



day was not hungry and did not look for frogs. He stood by the shore, on one leg, with his head and neck bent down, looking very much like a bag of feathers on a stick.

Now there were in the pond two very foolish young frogs named Kix and Kax.

"That is not a stork," said Kix. "A stork has a long neck and a long beak."

"Come!" said Kax. "Let us go and look at him."

The old frog shook his green head at

them, but he did not dare to speak. And the stork seemed to be fast asleep.

Then Kix put his head up out of the water. When Kax saw that the stork did not stir, he began to splash about in the water.

“Look!” cried Kix, as the stork still seemed to sleep, “I will jump on him.”

“So will I!” cried Kax.

So they both jumped, but the stork, with a snip and a snap, had the foolish young frogs in his long beak.

Then all the pond was very still. The stork waited a little while to see if more frogs would not jump into his **mouth**, and then went to sleep again.

### BED IN SUMMER.

In winter I get up at night,  
And dress by yellow **candle-light**;  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

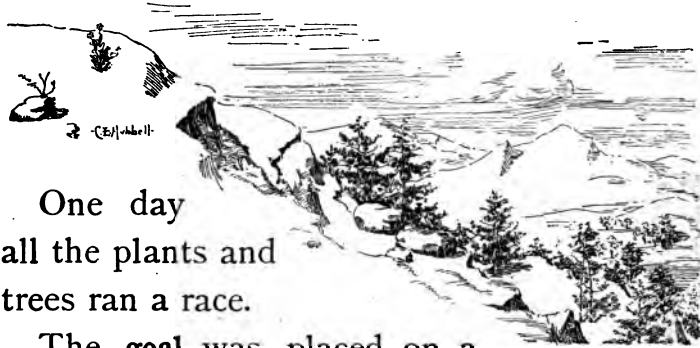
I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the **grown-up** people's feet  
Still going past me in the **street**.



And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and **blue**,  
And I **should** like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

## THE RACE OF THE TREES.



One day  
all the plants and  
trees ran a race.

The goal was placed on a  
high mountain whose top was white with  
snow.

Each plant did its best. It pulled its roots  
from the ground, tried to walk, stumbled, fell,  
got up again, and at last stood firmly. Then  
all were off. Such a wild race!

More than one stopped, out of breath, at  
the foot of the mountain. More than one  
gave out on the lowest slope, but many  
still ran on. It was a fine sight!

The oak, who was king of the woods,  
went so fast that all thought he would be  
king of the mountain, too; but soon it

grew so cold that the oak could go no farther. The beech passed him, and the oak groaned to think that he was king no longer. But the beech could not bear the cold as he went higher up the mountain, and he stopped with a shiver. Then the birch, which lived in a cold country, pushed on up the slope. But even the birch could not go much farther. Then there was a great shout, and the pines and firs ran on up the mountain.

"We have won the race!" they cried. "We are far beyond the rest." But even while they spoke, they grew stiff with the cold.

"Never mind! We have won the race!" they cried again.

Just then, a tiny plant, which they had not seen at all, went quietly on up the steep slope and planted its roots at the top of the mountain.

There, in the ice and snow, it raised its head. It had won the great race.

## THE TWO BUCKETS.

There was once a well in which two buckets were hung so that when one went down the other went up. They did not **often** have a **chance** to **talk** together, for they had only time to nod to each other, as they passed on the way.



But one day the boy who went for the water stood with his hand on the rope, talking to the milk-maid, and the buckets rested half-way down the well.

“What a hard life we have!” one said with a **sigh**. “No matter how full we come up, we **always** go down **empty**.”

“How strange!” cried the other. “I was just thinking that no matter if we do go down empty, we always come up full.”

### THE QUEEN BEF.

Once upon a time, a king's three sons started out to seek their **fortune**. The two elder **brothers** lived a wild, careless life, and had only **jeers** and ill words for the youngest brother who was named Witling. Yet Witling had more wit than his name seemed to show, as you will see.

As they went on together they came to an ant-hill.

“Let us stir up the ants,” said one. “I like to see them hurry about in a **fright**.”

“Leave them alone,” said Witling. “I will not **suffer** them to be hurt.”

Then they went farther on until they came to a lake where some ducks were swimming about. The two elder brothers wished to catch the ducks and cook them, but Witling said:—

“Leave them alone; I will not suffer them to be hurt.”

After a while they came to a bees'-nest in



a tree, and there was in it so much honey that it ran down the **trunk**.

“Let us make a fire under the nest and drive the bees away,” said the next brother; “then we can get at the honey.”

“Leave them alone,” said Witling. “I will not suffer them to be hurt.”

At last the three brothers came to a stone castle, where, in the stables, many horses were standing, all of stone. Now it was an enchanted castle, and on a table of stone were written the three things which must be done to free the castle from its enchantment.

The first thing was to find a thousand pearls that lay under the moss in the woods. But if at sunset a single pearl were missing, the seeker must be turned into stone.

So the eldest brother went into the woods and looked under the moss all day, but he found only two hundred pearls; and he was turned into stone. Then the next brother went out to look for the pearls. He found five hundred and was turned into stone.

Then it was Witling's turn to look under the moss, and as he looked, up came the king of the ants with five thousand helpers, and soon the pearls were all in a heap.

The **second** thing to do, said the table of stone, was to get a **key** which had fallen into the lake. When Witling came to the lake,



the ducks  
whose lives he had  
saved came swimming to-  
**wards** him. Then one of them dived below,  
and when she had found the key she **brought**  
it and put it in his hand.

Then came the third thing to do, and this  
was not so easy. When the key was put

into the lock, the door opened, and there three beautiful **princesses** lay asleep. Witling must **choose** the youngest and loveliest. They looked just alike. But one of them had eaten a little honey before she went to sleep.

As Witling stood looking at them, the queen-bee which he had saved came flying in. She went **straight** to the sweet lips of the youngest and loveliest princess.

Then Witling **knew** which one to choose, and the castle was freed from its enchantment. The princesses woke up; the stone horses and the two brothers became alive again; and everybody in the castle was glad.

Some time after that, Witling married the lovely princess, and became the master of the great castle.

“He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.”

—COLERIDGE.



### THE DUMB SOLDIER.

When the grass was **closely mown**,  
 Walking on the **lawn**, alone,  
 In the **turf** a hole I found,  
 And hid a **soldier** underground.

Spring and **daisies** came **apace**,  
 Grasses hid my **hiding-place**.  
 Grasses run like a green sea  
 O'er the lawn up to my **knee**.

Under grass alone he lies,  
Looking up with **leaden** eyes,  
**Scarlet** coat and **painted** gun,  
To the stars and to the sun.

When the grass is ripe like grain,  
When the **scythe** is stoned again,  
When the lawn is shaven clear,  
Then my hole shall **reappear**.

I shall find him, never fear,  
I shall find my **grenadier** ;  
But for all that's gone and come,  
I shall find my soldier **dumb**.

He has lived, a little thing,  
In the grassy woods of spring,  
Done, if he could tell me true,  
Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry **hours**,  
And the springing of the **flowers**,  
And the fairy things that pass  
In the **forests** of the grass.

In the **silence** he has **heard**  
Talking bee and lady-bird,  
And the **butterfly** has **flown**  
O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he **disclose**,  
Not a word of all he knows.  
I must lay him on the shelf  
And make up the tale myself.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

### THE FOOLISH WEATHER-VANE.

Once upon a time, in a town by the sea,  
there was a **brass weather-vane** on the top  
of a high **steeple**. Every morning when the  
fishing **folk** started out to their work, they  
would look up at the weather-vane to see  
which way the wind was. Oh, how proud  
the brass weather-vane felt then! If he said  
“East!” then all the men said, “We shall  
not go fishing to-day,” but if he said “West!”  
they cried, “Let us get out the boats as soon  
as we can.”

"They do just as I tell them," thought the weather-vane, and he grew very proud indeed.

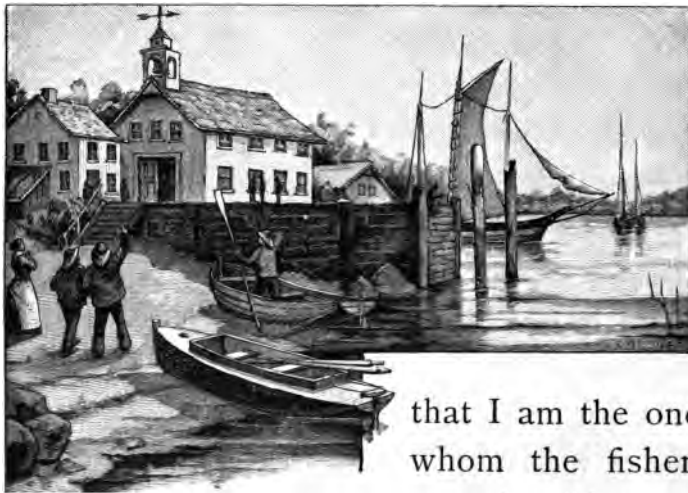
Now the weather-vane had always **pointed** the way the wind was blowing; but at last he grew so proud that he did not like to do so any longer. "It is I to whom all the men look for help," thought the foolish weather-vane. "Why should I **obey** the wind? I will do just as I please."

So the next morning, when the wind cried as he **rushed** along: "Point west, weather-vane!" the weather-vane held himself very stiff, and pointed **due** east. Soon the **fishermen** came out.

"How strange!" said they. "It seems like a west wind, yet the vane says 'East.' We must not go to sea to-day."

But to their **surprise**, the sun shone and the sea was still all day long. At noon they saw other boats from other towns, all sailing with a west wind. "Something is **wrong** with our weather-vane," said they. "We might have gone, after all."

The next morning, the wind came rushing as before. "Point east, weather-vane!" he called, as he went by. "There is a great storm coming." But the weather-vane was as proud as ever. "I will show my master



that I am the one whom the fishermen obey," he said to himself. So he held himself very stiff and pointed west.

Now he saw with surprise that only a few of the fishermen went out with their boats. The others stood upon the shore and watched the little white sails. Soon the sea grew

wild, and the wind **roared** with rage. The tiny boats were **overturned**, and if it had not been for their friends on shore, the poor men would have been drowned.

The weather-vane felt very **sorry**. "Perhaps it would have been better if I had done as the wind told me," he said to himself. "Such a thing never **happened** here before. I will do better after this."

But it was too late. The fishermen **paid** no more heed to him. They put up a new weather-vane in quite as good a place; and every morning they looked at it, for they knew that it obeyed the wind.

### THE LITTLE RAINDROPS.

There had been no rain for a long time. The road was full of dust, the grass was dry and brown, and the poor plants in the **garden** looked **ready** to drop with heat and **thirst**.

"Oh dear!" said a little raindrop. "What

a great **deal** of work there is to be done! I never can do it, I am sure."

"No more can I," said his **sister**. "We can do no good at all. If we go down into this dust, we shall not help very much."

"It seems a **pity** that the flowers must die," said the first raindrop. "Perhaps we may do them a little good."

Then two or three drops spoke together: "We shall only be lost if we go. Let us stay at home."

"What *is* the matter?" asked Mother Cloud. "Of **course** you are going down. They need you too much for you to think of staying at home. One of you cannot do very much, to be sure, but if you all work together, you can be of great use."

The raindrops were too **well-bred** to stay when their mother told them to go, and away they went, racing along in great glee.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Mother Cloud. "That will never do. The first rain must come softly and gently to do the most good. Now

go on your tip-toes, and don't let me hear such a noise again."

By this time a few of the drops were on the ground, where they lay, looking very much **ashamed** of themselves.

"Mother's way is best," said one of them. "I hit the **cheek** of the White Rose as I fell, and I must have hurt her. I am very, very sorry, and I do hope that she will forgive me."



"Never mind," said the White Rose, sweetly, as she bent over to look at the little **fellow**; "I am so glad to see you, and to know that you are all coming down to help us."

"Isn't she a dear White Rose?" whispered the raindrop to the others. "How glad I am that we came!"

—M. A. L. LANE

## FIDO.

Fido lay on a **cushion** in the hall. He was a very gay little dog, but to-day he was not like himself at all. The white kitten was

**frisking** about on the path, but Fido did not even look at her.



Edith came down **stairs** with her hat and coat on, but Fido did not jump and bark; he

seemed very still and sad. Edith patted his head softly. "Poor doggie!" she said, in her sweet baby way. "Poor little doggie!" Then she went out into the garden, and Fido was left alone. He gave a long, deep sigh; he was **certainly** very unhappy.

Now the **parrot** was looking at him from

her cage. She was a very wise old bird, but she could not think why Fido was so sad.

"Can't you find your big bone?" she asked at last, after Fido had sighed five or six times.

Fido knew from the tone of her **voice** that she was sorry for him, and he made up his mind to tell her all about it.

"I am sad because I am of no use to any one," he said. "There is Mrs. Cat; she can catch rats and mice. You can talk almost as well as my master, and I see that he asks you many things, just as we do. The horse can take all the **family** out for a ride; and the cow gives them milk and **cream** and butter; but I can do nothing at all."

"You are a very silly little dog," said the parrot, but she spoke kindly. "Don't you see how happy you make them because you love them so much, and are so gay and **cheerful**? They care more for you than they do for any of us, and when you do nothing but lie on the mat and **groan**, even baby Edith

feels sorry. You must go and play with her and not sigh any more."

Fido jumped up on his four feet and gave a funny little skip. "Thank you; thank you," said he, and rushed down the path so fast that the little stones flew up in the air.

"Good doggie!" said baby Edith.

— M. A. L. LANE.

### AN OLD-FASHIONED RHYME.



This is the Tree of the forest.



This is the Ax whose **steady** blows  
Cut down the Tree of the forest.



This is the Woodman, who every  
one knows  
**Wielded** the Ax whose steady blows  
Cut down the Tree of the forest.



This is the Log, to the river's side  
 Rolled by the Woodman, who  
     every one knows  
 Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
 Cut down the Tree of the forest.



This is the River whose flowing  
     tide  
 Carried the Log that was rolled  
     to its side,  
 Rolled by the Woodman, who every one knows  
 Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
 Cut down the Tree of the forest.



This is the **Wheel** that went **whir-**  
     **ring** round,  
 Turned by the River whose flowing  
     tide  
 Carried the Log that was rolled to its side,  
 Rolled by the Woodman, who every one  
     knows  
 Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
 Cut down the Tree of the forest.



These are the Saws that with  
**buzzing** sound  
 Were moved by the Wheel that  
 went whirring round,  
 Turned by the River whose  
 flowing tide  
 Carried the Log that was rolled to its side,  
 Rolled by the Woodman, who every one  
 knows  
 Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
 Cut down the Tree of the forest.



These are the **Boards** so straight  
 and long,  
 Cut by the Saws that with buzz-  
 ing sound  
 Were moved by the Wheel that went whir-  
 ring round,  
 Turned by the River whose flowing tide  
 Carried the Log that was rolled to its side,  
 Rolled by the Woodman, who every one knows  
 Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
 Cut down the Tree of the forest.



This is the **Carpenter**, **skillful** and  
 strong,  
 Who **planed** all the Boards so  
 straight and long,  
 Cut by the Saws that with buzz-  
 ing sound  
 Were moved by the Wheel that went whir-  
 ring round,  
 Turned by the River whose flowing tide  
 Carried the Log that was rolled to its side,  
 Rolled by the Woodman, who every one  
 knows  
 Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
 Cut down the Tree of the forest.



This is the House with **windows**  
 and doors,  
 With **timbers** and **rafters** and roof  
 and floors,  
 Which was built by the Carpenter, skillful  
 and strong,  
 Who planed all the Boards so straight and  
 long,

Cut by the Saws that with buzzing sound  
 Were moved by the Wheel that went whir-  
     ring round,  
 Turned by the River whose flowing tide  
 Carried the Log that was rolled to its side,  
 Rolled by the Woodman, who every one knows  
 Wiended the Ax whose steady blows  
 Cut down the Tree of the forest.



This is the Family—all are  
     here —  
 Father and mother and **chil-**  
     **dren** dear,  
 Who live in the House with windows and  
     doors,  
 With timbers and rafters and roof and floors,  
 Which was built by the Carpenter, skillful  
     and strong,  
 Who planed all the Boards so straight and  
     long,  
 Cut by the Saws, which with buzzing sound  
 Were moved by the Wheel that went whir-  
     ring round,

Turned by the River whose flowing tide  
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side,  
Rolled by the Woodman, who every one knows  
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

— EMILIE POULSSON.

### THE HORSE AND THE MOTH.

A horse who was drawing a **load** of hay,  
was met by a **moth**, who had nothing to do.

“Poor thing!” said she. “What a hard  
life you **lead**! I do nothing but fly about  
at night and enjoy myself, while you may  
not even eat the hay you are drawing until  
your master gives you leave.”

“At **least** I am of some use in the world,”  
said the horse. “I hope I shall never be  
proud of doing nothing.”

The moth **waved** her wings in great **scorn**.

“Do you know,” she asked, “that many  
hundred years ago a horse had five toes and  
was no bigger than a fox? And I never  
heard that he was very **useful** then.”

“Do you know,” said the horse, “that only a few weeks ago you were a green **worm** who did a great deal of harm to my master’s vines? It is even better to do nothing than to be a **mischief**-maker.”

— M. A. L. LANE.

### THE FEAST OF CHERRIES.

Nearly two hundred years ago, **cherries** were very rare in Germany, very, very rare. But a rich man in the city of **Hamburg** had, by the greatest care, raised many fine cherry trees, and the cherries which he sold from them brought a high price.

Then a great war began, and the poor people in the city soon became very hungry, for their **enemies** were all around them and would suffer no food to be taken into the city.

But if the poor people in the city were suffering with hunger, their enemies were suffering as much with thirst, for the heat had dried up all the brooks and springs.

Now, one morning, when the rich owner

of the cherry trees went home, after having passed a whole week, fighting day and night, without rest, he found his cherries ripe and red. He called together all the children of Hamburg and had them dressed in white. Then he gave to each child a long branch of



cherries; and when all were ready he sent them out to the **general** of the enemy.

When the general heard that the children of Hamburg were bringing him cherries to **quench** his thirst, he was angry; for he thought they were making sport of him. But when he saw the poor children, so

**pale**, so thin, so worn out with hunger, so brave, he thought of his own little children at home and he **burst** into **tears**. He was very kind to the children. He thanked them; and in the evening he sent them back into the city with carts full of food. And that was the end of the war.

Now, every year, in Hamburg the people keep the **Feast** of Cherries. The little children are dressed in white, and march through the streets with branches of cherries in their hands. But now, the children eat the cherries themselves.

### THE CAT, THE MONKEY, AND THE CHESTNUTS.

A cat and a **monkey** sat one day by the fire. Their master had laid down some **chestnuts** before the blaze, and they had begun to crack with the heat.

“Ah!” said the monkey. “How good those chestnuts smell! My dear friend Cat, your paws are made just like our

master's hands. Why do you not try to pull out a nut from the fire?"

The cat was so well pleased with what he said that she quite forgot to be **careful**. She put out her paw and rolled a hot nut from the **ashes**. In doing this, she was burned a little; but what of that?



"How fine it is to have hands like a man!" said the cunning monkey. "Do try to get another nut!"

So the foolish cat put her paw into the hot ashes again and again, but when she turned for her **share** of the chestnuts, she found that the monkey had eaten them all.

## THE JACKDAW.

A **jackdaw** is a kind of bird. It looks like a **crow**, but is smaller. One day a jackdaw picked up some feathers which had fallen from the **peacocks**.

“Now,” said he, “I shall look as fine as they.” So he



placed them among his own feathers. But when the peacocks saw him they were very angry and began to strip him of his fine **plumes**, and to hurt him with their sharp bills.

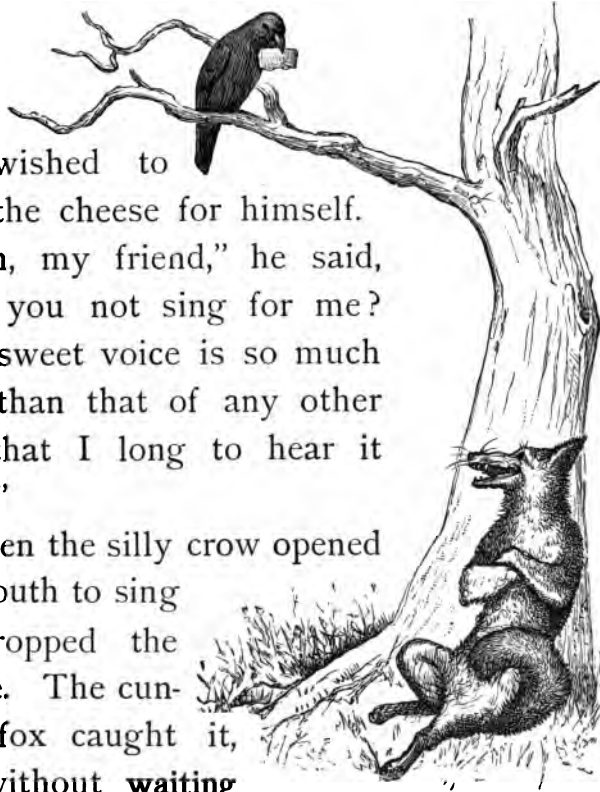
## THE CROW AND THE CHEESE.

A crow sat on a tree with a bit of **cheese** in his mouth. A fox going by, saw him

and wished to have the cheese for himself.

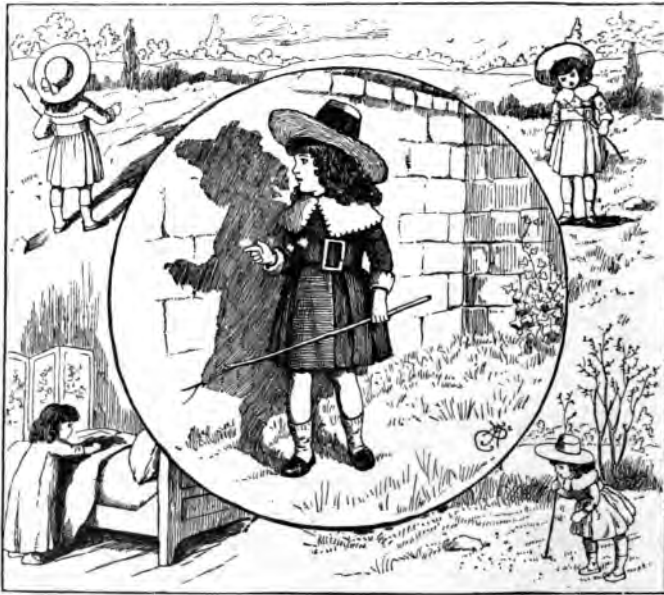
"Ah, my friend," he said, "will you not sing for me? Your sweet voice is so much finer than that of any other bird that I long to hear it again."

When the silly crow opened his mouth to sing he dropped the cheese. The cunning fox caught it, and without **waiting** for the song, ran away to eat it and **laugh** to himself.



## MY SHADOW.

I have a little **shadow** that goes in and out  
with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more  
than I can see.



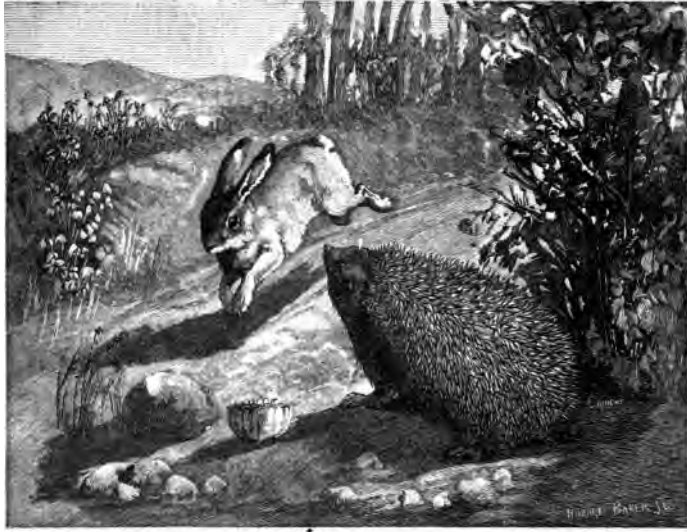
He is very, very like me from the heels up  
to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when I  
jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way  
he likes to grow,—  
Not at all like **proper** children, which is  
always very slow;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an  
**india-rubber** ball,  
And he sometimes gets so little that there's  
none of him at all.

One morning, very **early**, before the sun  
was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every  
buttercup;  
But my **lazy** little shadow, like an **arrant**  
sleepy head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and was  
fast asleep in bed.

— R. L. STEVENSON.

Early to bed and early to rise,  
Is the way to be healthy, happy, and wise.



### THE RABBIT AND THE HEDGEHOG.

Once upon a time a **rabbit** came to a **hedgehog** to ask him to run a race.

“If you win,” said the rabbit, “you shall have a cup of corn.”

“Very well,” said the hedgehog; “only let me go home and tell my **wife** about it, and I shall be glad to try.”

So the next day the race came off. As any one might know, the rabbit passed the hedge-

hog with great ease, and ran on not very fast, because he felt sure that he would win the race. But when he came to the end, there sat the hedgehog. The rabbit almost went out of his **senses** with surprise.

"Here is your corn," he said, at last; "but do let us try again. If you win you shall have another cup of corn."

So again the race was run, and this time the rabbit ran as fast as he could; but when he came to the end, there sat the hedgehog as before.

"Now," said the rabbit, "you shall have two cups of corn if you will tell me how you can run faster than I."

"Ah!" said the hedgehog; "my wits are as **nimble** as your heels, and it is only fair in a race that we should be well **matched**, is it not?"

The rabbit looked ashamed, for he knew that he had not been quite fair.

"So," said the hedgehog, "as my wife looks so much like me that you can not tell

us **apart**, I asked her to sit at one end of the course, while I stayed at the other. But as my way was more **unfair** than yours, let us share the corn **between** us."

### SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED.

Once upon a time there lived in a little house in the wood, a good **woman** and her two little girls, Snow-white and Rose-red. In the garden there grew two rose-trees, one of red roses, the other of white; and the two girls were like the rose-trees. One was fair and pale, and the other dark and rosy, but both were sweet and lovely.

Snow-white and Rose-red kept the little house so clean and neat that it was a joy to go into it. They had for pets a lamb and a white dove, and all the **timid** wild things in the wood loved them and would come to them.

One night, as they sat by the fire, there was a noise at the door.

"Open the door," said the mother; "some

one wants to come in." But when Rose-red opened the door there was the great black head of a bear.

"Do not run away," he said; "I only want to warm myself a little."

"My poor bear," said the mother, "lie



down by the fire, but take care that you do not burn your fur."

Then Snow-white and Rose-red took a brush, and brushed the snow out of the bear's fur; and when he was quite dry, they made for him a bed before the fire. In the morning they let him out, and he trotted away into the wood. And every night after that the bear came again and

lay down by the fire until morning. But when spring came the bear said, "Now I must go away."

"Where are you going, dear bear?" said Snow-white.

"I am going to take care of my bags of gold," said the bear. "When it is cold the little **dwarfs** can not work; but now that it is spring, they will steal my gold away."

Snow-white and Rose-red were sad without the bear, and often ran out into the wood looking for him. One day they saw a **queer** little dwarf sitting on the bank of a brook. He was **howling** with rage, and as they came near they could see that his long **beard** was **twisted** in his fish-line. At the end of the line was a great fish trying to drag the dwarf into the water.

Snow-white had a **pair** of **scissors** in her **pocket**, and she took them out in all **haste** to cut off the dwarf's beard. Rose-red held the little fellow while snip, snap, snip went Snow-white's scissors.

But the rude little dwarf did not even say "Thank you." He shook his fist at the two little girls in a very ugly way, took



up a bag of gold from the ground, and went away.

Not long after that, however, they saw him again. He was counting his gold in an open space in the wood. When he saw them, he looked so angry that they were frightened. Just then,

their old friend the bear came out of the wood, and with one blow of his great paw laid the dwarf on the ground. Then the bear's skin fell off, and a young man, dressed all in gold, stood beside them.

"I am a king's son," said he; "and all these gems and bags of gold are mine. I must have roamed through the wood as a bear for many years if you had not found the dwarf whose death has set me free."

Then they all went back to the little house in the wood, where every year the rose trees bore the finest red and white roses.

### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Once there was a king who had a little girl whom he loved very much.

When she was a year old the king and queen made a great **feast**, and the fairies were asked to come.

The plates and **knives** and forks were all of gold; and the glasses were cut from the most beautiful **crystal**.

But there was one old fairy who had been forgotten, and when she came in, she had no golden knife and fork nor any crystal cup to drink from.

• The other fairies had gifts for the little girl. One gave her love; one, **beauty**; another, grace; and still another, **music**.

But the old fairy was so angry because she had been forgotten, that, when the turn came for her gift, she said: "She shall **pierce** her hand with a **spindle** and die of the **wound**."

Then a young fairy who had hidden herself in fear of this very thing, came **forward** and said: "She must indeed pierce her hand with a spindle; but do not weep, for she will not die. She shall sleep for a hundred years."

This was bad enough, but it was so much better than the old fairy's gift that the king and queen were quite happy again. The king said that there must be no spinning, and that all the spindles must be put away.

All went well for fifteen years. One day the princess went into a **cottage**, and there sat an old woman spinning. The woman lived all alone, and had never heard of the king's **command**.

“Oh! how pretty!” cried the princess. “Do let me try!” But the first thing she did was to pierce her hand, and down she fell in a deep sleep.

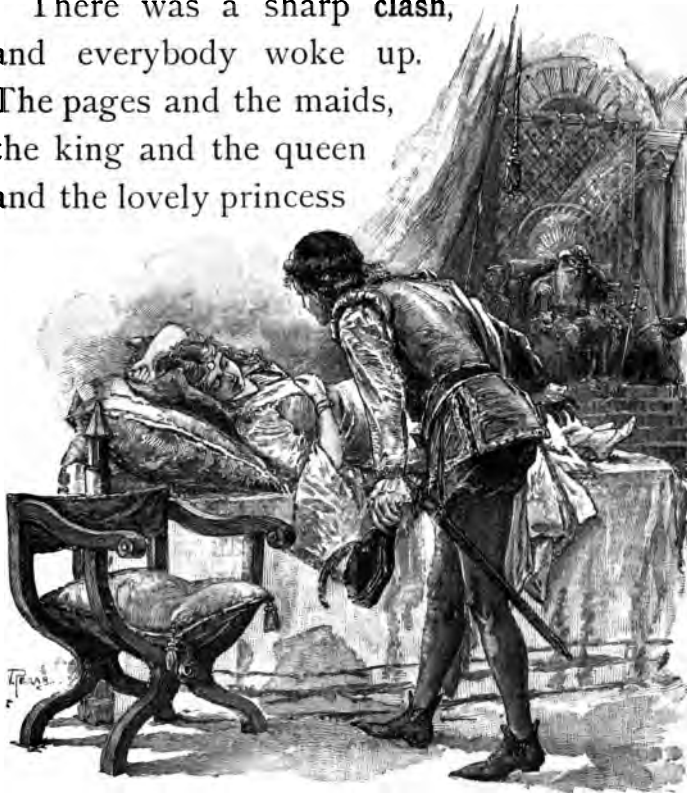
The old woman felt very sorry, but there was no help for it. She called the maids and pages and the king and queen. They carried the princess home, and put her in her own bed, and then sent for the good fairy.

When the good fairy came, she found them all in great **sorrow**, but she had thought of a fine plan. “I will put you all to sleep for a hundred years, too,” she said; “then the princess will not be **lonely** when she wakes.”

A hundred years went by, and a prince lost his way in a **thick** wood. He saw at last the **towers** of a castle and made his way to it as best he could. In the halls were the pages and the maids, all fast asleep. In his great chair sat the king, fast asleep too, with his beard grown down into his lap.

And in the room beyond was the lovely princess, looking so sweet and fair that the prince stooped and kissed her.

There was a sharp **clash**,  
and everybody woke up.  
The pages and the maids,  
the king and the queen  
and the lovely princess



all opened their eyes as if they had slept but  
a little while; for to them it was as if the  
hundred years had never been.

## WHO AM I?

Who am I, with noble face,  
Shining in a clear blue space?  
If to look at me you try,  
Dazzled then will be your eye.

When my noble face I show  
Over yonder mountain blue,  
All the clouds away do ride  
And the gloomy night beside.

Then the clear wet dew I dry,  
With the look of my bright eye;  
And the little birds awake,  
Many a merry tune to make.

Then the busy people go,  
To the fields their work to do.  
And now, dear child, when yours  
    is done,  
Guess if I am not the sun.

— ANN TAYLOR.

## THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

One day a little boy who lived in the country was sent to town with a basket of butter and eggs to sell.

"Go straight to the market," said his mother, "and do not stop on the road."

"Yes, mother," said the lad; and he set off in high glee, for this was the first time that he had ever been sent to town alone.

By and by he came to a **swift** brook, and as he did not like to wet his feet, he sat down on the bank to wait for all the water to run out.

"It runs very fast," he said to himself, "and surely it will not take long."

So he sat there all day, and in the evening the brook was as full as ever. When he saw that the sun was down, and it was growing dark, he picked up his basket and ran back home.

"What does this mean?" said his mother.

“Why have you stayed so long? And why have you not sold your butter and eggs? Did I not tell you to go straight to the market and not stop on the road?”

“It was this way, mother,” said the boy. “A swift brook was running across the road this morning, and so I waited all day for the water to pass by. But it is running there still.”

“My dear child,” said his mother, “you will be a very old man before all the water in the brook has passed by. If you wait for that, you will never sell your butter and eggs.”

The boy is now a man, but the brook is as full of water as ever.

### THE HUMBLE MAN.

He that is down needs fear no fall,

He that is low no pride;

He that is humble ever shall

Have God to be his **guide**.

—JOHN BUNYAN.

## THE BOY AND THE WOLF.



There was once a boy who took care of a **flock** of sheep near a town. One day, when the men in the town were at work, they heard the boy call "**Wolf! Wolf!** The wolves are among my lambs!" The men

ran to him in great haste, but found him and his lambs quite safe. He had only called them for a **joke**. Two or three times he did this, until the men were angry with him.

One day the wolves **really** came and began to carry away the lambs. The boy cried "Wolf! Wolf! The wolves are among my lambs!" But the men would not come, and so he lost all his flock.

### STARS ARE OVERHEAD.

Whether fair, whether foul,  
Be it wet or dry,  
Cloudy time or shiny time,  
The sun is in the sky.

Gloomy night, sparkle-night,  
Be it glad or **dread**,  
Cloudy time or shiny time,  
Stars are overhead.

## THE TREES AND THE WOODCUTTER.

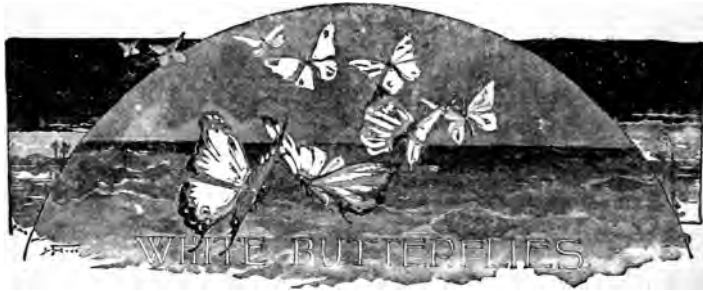
A woodcutter once went into the woods and asked the trees to give him a handle for his ax.

"Very well," said the trees; "you shall have it. The slender young ash which stands on the hillside shall serve you."

As soon as the man had made the new handle for his ax, he began to use it. Day after day his strokes could be heard, and soon all the great trees in the woods were laid low.

"Ah," said an old oak, as he fell crashing to the ground, "it is all our own fault that we are thus lost. If we had taken the part of the young ash tree and not given up its rights, we might have stood here safe from harm for yet many years."

"Very true," said a tall pine tree that was lying close by. "When those who are strong fail to take the part of those who are weak they are sure to be the losers for it."



Fly, white butterflies, out to sea.  
**F**rail, pale wings for the wind to try,  
 Small white wings that we **s**carce can see,  
 Fly.

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,  
 Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;  
 All to the **h**aven where each would be,  
 Fly.

—A. C. SWINBURNE.

### LEND A HAND.

Look up and not down;  
 Look out and not in;  
 Look forward and not back,  
 And lend a hand.

—E. E. HALE.

## SONG.

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's **throat**—  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall we see  
No enemy  
But winter and **rough** weather.

—SHAKESPEARE.

## SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.

—EMILY DICKINSON.

## OLD SAYINGS.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

The more haste, the less speed.

All is not gold that **glitters**.

Look before you leap.

Fast bind, fast find.

When the cat is away, the mice will play.

If you give him an **inch**, he will take an ell.

One swallow does not make a summer.

It is an ill wind that blows no one any good.

Fine feathers make fine birds.

Strike while the **iron** is hot.

NOTE. — To give life to these proverbs, the teacher may offer to tell a story illustrating that proverb which is best rendered, or which shall be chosen by the class. The story should be simple, childlike, and direct.

THE END.



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